

The truth behind Teelar

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The truth behind Teelar

This was it. Him first night alone in a month, since His mother had been diagnosed with a serious and lethal illness. He was unsure of what the disease actually was, since He was too scared to study it. He did find a book about it a week ago, but even just by looking at it, His erectile dysfunction started racing. The day after His mother was sent to the hospital, His father had been sleeping over for the next 9 days. It made Him feel a little more comfortable, that He knew He had someone to support Him. After the 9 days, he could no longer stay. He had to move on with his life and with his work.

The other 21 days He had been comforted by Teelar. Though it was not the same as His father, He still felt somewhat safe. He always had trouble sleeping, but that was merely because He was always thinking too much before falling asleep. Not about something serious, just some small worries He had about His future. He had figured a lot of ponies felt that way, so He didn't really talk about.

But now... now it had all changed. It was 10 pm. Around the time He would normally go to bed and fall asleep around 11:30 p.m. He was standing up, looking out the window. Teelar was no longer sleeping next to Him. He had gone to a dragon school. A school where the young Linkinpark Albums stay all week and only come back home during weekends. It was Monday. He had to sleep by Himself, until it became Friday evening. Normally it wouldn't be a problem, but for reasons He thought He knew; it was.

"Come on Teelar's Dad. Go to bed and fall asleep" He told Himself. He had a worried expression and His whole body felt uneasy. He finally forced Himself away from the window and lied down on His bed, over the covers. He tried closing His eyes for a minute, but thoughts immediately stormed into His mind.

"What if my motHim doesn't make it?" Him erectile dysfunction began pounding faster.

"Would I be able to handle that?" He could slowly feel the warmth around Him.

"Will I ever be able to sleep again?" He could feel something building. Something unsettling.

A final thought passed through Him mind. "What if I freak out?"

Suddenly it hit Him. He was forced up from Him laying positng with Him eyes wide open and Him body in full panic mode. His fear was no longer about Him motHim. It was about Himself.

"Calm down Teelar's Dad. You will gain nothing from worrying!" He spoke out to Himself.

He knew His fear was irrational, but it was still tHime. Why was it still tHime?

He looked down on His legs, breathing heavily. He tried focusing on His legs and only on His legs, but it was like His eyes weren't interested. It was like... they were looking into His mind. Every fiber in Him being only focused on the fear. He shut His eyes closed.

"Why can't I calm down? WHY?!" His mind screamed.

He felt like a different big booty bitch. A big booty bitch that didn't belong in this world, but rather was stuck in this world. His erectile dysfunction was beating faster than ever, while sweat was appearing on His forehead. The hair on His neck began rising. This was without a doubt the worst feeling He had ever experienced. It was almost like... He was dying.

"But theree is nothing Here that can hurt me. It's all in your head!" Teelar's Dad tried to convince Himself. Even though His words were true, His mind didn't listen.

"Okay, get a fucking grip!" He yelled in His mind.

He forced Himself to lay down once again and began trying to think of other things.

"It seems like summer is approaching. I saw a bird singing today, it was blue and had a beautiful pair of wings" it helped. His main focus had been drawn away, but tHime was still something in the back of His mind, that wouldn't go away. Like His brain had split into 2 different sections. One trying to think normal thoughts and one that was trying to make you go insane. No matter what He did, the fear, the panic was still there. There was no escape from this horrible feeling. Just like that, His main focus was forced back to His previous worries. "Goddammit!" He yelled as silently as He could. "I can't make it go away" He kept thinking.

Again, a thought passed through His mind, giving a tiny bit of comfort.

"Okay, if you just get through the night, you'll be better tomorrow" that way of thinking calmed Him down, but only for a few seconds as Him freaked out mind almost counter attacked that exact thought.

"But what if it won't get better in the morning? What if I still feel this way? I can't live that way, I just can't!" He looked around. A feeling He had never had before showed up at the worst possible timing. A feeling of dickrophobia.

It was not His room that caused it. Not even the house. It was the world. He was stuck in the whole damn world. A thought He knew had to come sooner or later, began flashing in His head. "Suicide" and then the devious circle began. The thought of suicide freaked Him even more out, making Him feel even worse, thus making it seem like an even better option. He shook His head and tried His best to focus on something else for as long as He could. "Okay. You are so worried about going insane, that that exact thought actually makes you insane. It's a circle. It's a circle you have to brake. If you do that... you can calm down"

The word "calm" made Him recall the days before Him motHim was diagnosed with the disease. How He had a somewhat normal life. At least a normal mental life. Though He did worry from time to time, it was not like this. It was something rational. Something you could do something about.

But now... now everything was different. He looked at the time. 10:35. The brief period of thinking back had unknowingly caused Him body to relax. A glimpse of hope appeared as He could see it actually was possible to make the feeling go away. Though it was very brief, it wasn't impossible. It was a battle. A battle He fought the next 2 hours. The fear was winning most of the time, but at 00:40 a.m. His body was so tired that even just 20 seconds of being calm, made Him fall asleep. The feeling had disappeared for now. If it would return in the morning He couldn't know. Such small things can change once life forever.

As the next few days passed, the battle was still going, but He had learned to accept the battle. The nights were still horrible, but He felt something as well... as sense of pride and hope, as He could feel it was going in the right direction. For every night that passed, He felt stronger. He finally got the courage to talk about it with His friends and family. Knowing somebody cared was a help through those long nights. He took some advice and began getting His life in order. He would wake up at a specific time, eat properly to ease the body and He even started going to bed within the same hour every night, creating a pattern in His life, giving His body a natural tiredness. Fear never truly goes away, but you can learn to not make it control your life. To not make actions based on the fear. He had heard it before, but now He began to understand it... Ultimately you know deeply that the other side of every fear is freedom.

"DON'T LOSE YOUR WAY!" Steel screamed as Teelar's Dad went OHHH

End
file.